

Reader,
Here you'll plainly see
Judgement perverted
By these three :
A Priest, A Judge, A Patentee.

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*



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Background



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Bishops, Judges, Monopolists.

Bishops.

What strange earths tremor doth so agitate
 The late firme scite of our Episcopate !
 That what was layd a thousand yeares ago,
 With hundreds added (as our Annals show)
 Whose high Towers have their heads so proudly borne,
 Should suddenly be from their groundfils torn ?
 Is it because their structures were so great,
 They made the groaning earth beneath them sweat ?
 Is it because no bound could circumscribe
 The expanted power of that Levitick Tribe ?
 Or that they had ingrost into their hands
 Such ample purchase of the temporall lands ?
 That, not with their due *Decimates* content,
 Both Tythe and Tocall must encrease their rent ?
 Or as *Prelati*, steering the Church helme,
 They thought t' out-brave the *Pares* of the Realme ?
 Nay more than that, an higher straine had runne,
 As divers proud priests had before them done ?
 As *Wolstan, Becket, Wolsey*, who durst write,
I and my King, even in his Soveraignes sight :

And their successors, like ambitious growne,
Would make the Miter levell with the Crowne ?
Or that our modern Prelates have of late
Sought to raise new combustions in our State ;
And as Incendiaries, thought to devour
Their Countries freedome with their purse and power ?
Or that inclining to the *Arminian Sect*,
And preaching in the Romish Dialect,
They labor'd 'mongst us Protestants to intrude
What our Reformed Church did quite exclude ?
New Cannons, Oathes and Altars, bending low,
To where, in time the Images must grow ?
Reviving antient and forgot Traditions,
Grounded upon old Popish superstitions.

Or that a strange sinister course they tooke,
In altering the Scottish Service booke ;
By which two sister kingdomes were constrain'd
To open wars, (which stiffly they maintayned.)
Or that so far beyond all rationall bounds,
By their rough censures in the high Commission,
Not sparing Priest, the Lawyer, nor Physician ?
Their *Ex officio* Oathes, their *Im* Divine,
And Clergy Courts (which conscience should refine)
More full of bribes, corruption, and blacke staine,
Than the lay benches they so much disdaine.
Yet could I wish, though all these have been prov'd,
Th' offendors once being punish't and remov'd,
The function might remaine, to their disgraces,
To try who better might supply their places.



Of Judges.

Can Judges be corrupt, or staggering stand,
 Who should be fathers both of lawes and land?
 They did of old upon wilde Asses ride,
 An emblem, that when doubts they did decide,
 They should be slow in sentence, and consider
 The cause, (both parties being brought together.)
 Athens for them did Images devise :
 To intimate, noughe should from them be heard,
 Savoring either of favor or reward.
 But corrupt Judges (such no doubt there are)
 Punish the purse, and still the person spare.
 And I have heard from a most learned Speaker,
 That no Law-maker should be a law-breaker.
 Hee's only a wise Judge that stands in awe
 Of one God solely, one King, and one Law.
 But to our former Quere ; May it bee,
 That in these times we any Judge shall see,
 Who on the Bench being seated as a god,
 Should be call'd thence, and beat with a Blacke Rod ?
 Nor wonder is't ; when some as grave and great,
 Have in the same or like Judiciall Seat,
 (Only to give his wit some vaine applause)
 Jested and jeer'd a poore man from his Cause.

But O you Judges, that your selves forget,
 And in the high seat of the Scornfull sit;
 Who with the wicked have gon hand in hand,
 You in the future judgement shall not stand.

But how of late are things growne out of order?
 When we shall see one from a bare Recorder,
 Risi'd unto such an eminence of state,
 That quite forgetting what he was but late,
 He shall through all Judiciall seats aspire,
 Even till he gaunes the height of his desire:
 And then, through guilt of conscience (none accusing)
 (His place of soveraigne trust so much abusing)
 When standing eminent in the Worlds broad eye,
 Then like a Finch to take his wings and fly,
 Leaving the Purse and the Broad Seale behind him,
 As had they bin meete toyes, and did not mind them.

But all have not the fortune to evade
 Their triall: for though some fly, some are stayd.

When those whose livelihoods are the lawes, indeed,
 By which they onely can subsist and feed,
 (Which such sworne Fathers should as sacred keop,
 And no houre in their execution sleep)
 When such shall seeke to extirpe the Lawes foundation,
 And in the steid thereof bring innovation;
 To them I leave the *Magna Charta's* curse:
 Now let the better Judges judge the worse.



Of Monopolists.

How comes this swarne of Locuts to appeare
 More this, then any other Temperate yeere,
 This crew of moaths and cankers that bereaves
 Our flourishing Orchard both of fruit and leaves ?
 Who do not onely vex us here about,
 But pester all the Trees the Realme throughout ?
 I mean those Drones, that fly about in mist,
 Divelish *Projectors*, damn'd *Monopolists*,
 Who now are hid in holes and keepe a loose,
 Being indeed not Parliamentall proofe.
 Yet may we finde them in our bread, our meat,
 In every draught or bit wee drinke or eat,
 Our Bevers and the Bootes wee plucke on, whether
 We have them made of Calve-skin, or Neats Leather,
 Our Salt and Oatmeal, Porridge are not free,
 But they from their ingredience must have fee:
 Our cloath, stiffe, lace, points, tagges, even to a pinne,
 Nay even the linen next unto our skinne,
 And needle it is sow'd with : they make Boote,
 Of every thing we wear, from head to foote.
 Nay I may speake it to them (with a pox)
 I find them even in my Tobacco box.
 To leave your petty feoffors and feoffees,
 And come to your brave skarlet Patentees.

Who

Who when our sope of sweetest oyle was made,
 By which they drove a good and wholsom Trade.
 These by an ingrost Patent coveting gaine,
 Compos'd it all of stinking rape, and traine:
 For what care they, so it may make them rich,
 To fill our bodyes full of scabs and itch.
 Which was a great caufe, as ſome Artiſts queſt,
 To bring amongſt us a contagious peſt.
 And then thinkes one, where ſope hath fayl'd without,
 Balderdash wines within, will worke no doubt.

And then comes in (that project once begun)
 New inpoſts upon every Pipe and Tun.
 The price of French and Spanish wines are raidſ,
 How ever in their worth deboylſt and craiſt.
 The ſubjeſt ſuffers in each draught he ſwallows,
 For which may they be doomb'd unto the gallows.

Abel and *Caine* were ſhepheards (the Text faies)
 But which is ſtrange, turnd Vintners in theſe days.
 The wicked *Caine* his brother *Abel* flew:
 Which in theſe brother Vintners proves not true.
 For unto this day, *Caine* keepes up hiſ ſigne,
 But *Abel* lyes drownd in hiſ *Mediævall* wine.
 Projecting *Kilver* (ſome fay) was the caufe,
 Who making new Lords, had deviſd new lawes.
 But thoſe that would the ancient culſome vary,
 Shall now ('tis thought) be made exemplaſy.

F I N I S